Where Country Is

Lee Kernaghan

He sat by the door of the grand old Birdsville Pub
His swag and gera was guarded by a faithful heeler dog
He wore a shirt that would blind ya and a rumpled ringer's hat
This old man was country, he left no doubt of that
Well he sang of mobs of cattle moving down the Birdsville track
And the camels carting wool in the early days outback
He sang of wild eyed scrubbers runnin' flat out in the night
Tryin' to ring the mob cause lightnin's quick to fright

He sat there hillbilly pickin' on a cracked and battered Gibson
And the songs that he sang were all his
Every song told a story and the more that I listened
The more I realised this is where the country is

Well his songs told how they did it and I felt a sense of shame
And I wondered if the battler would ever be again
His pride for his country rang true in every song
And I wondered if the chips were down if I would be as strong

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